

Better Leighton Never

by Leighton Scott

Talk this week was of the Bloomsburg Fair, and more than one merchant said you could feel the pinch locally when it got to be fair time.

If you were there, the chances are you saw a few friends, and maybe the school bands. A not completely uncommon experience is for neighbors to bump into each other on the midway, and some times not even recognize one another. The latter is generally the case at the girly shows.

Fine weather, a novelty at "Bloom", served up record crowds all week, among which I numbered two days in a row.

Now, I want to be honest with ya, I go to fairs to eat. The reason I went back on Saturday was that I had missed a few of those church stands the day before. See, I used to work for Reithoffer Shows, so the rides, games, and shows simply stimulate in me a reflex action toward self-preservation, the first step of which is to eat.

Always the devotee of the great American bean, I enjoyed a bowl of white bean and ham soup at the Beach Haven Methodist, and a bowl of red bean and I-don't-know-what at the Follmer Church stand.

I liberally interspersed my patronage of the church stands with such secular offerings as peanuts,

pizza, Cracker Jack, while my companions moved in on oysters and pierogies.

What captured my fancy more than anything else, though, was the big butter-frosted baked potato offered by the Black Creek Methodist Church. There it stood—the only such potato in all of Bloomsburg, a welcome variation on the popcorn and hamburger theme.

I'm still put out that, by the time I got around to dessert, which was Saturday, the stands were sacked of homemade apple pie.

This fearsome appetite is explained better by the revealing fact that the last day of the Bloomsburg Fair is the anniversary of my quitting smoking.

Visited with Pat Reithoffer who is looking forward to his expanded show circuit through the south, which will last well into November. His midway was high-lighted this year for the first time by a "Sky Wheel", which you may have ridden on—the double ferris wheel. The ride was leased for the fair because, as Pat noted, winning, it costs about \$130,000. Whereas most rides will take anywhere from two to five hours to set up or tear down, this giant takes two days for each!

PREDICTION
Now that the IOC approved the Valley RR, abandoning its Dallas line, I'll bet the government will be after the station property and some of Millie Devens LaBar's adjoining land for the new postoffice, and according to all contacts I've made, all parties should be willin'.

Editorially Speaking:

Giving your pint of blood to the Blood-Bank is something which nobody but you can do.

People have died from lack of blood after a ghastly accident.

In days when there was no Blood-Bank, people paid fantastic prices to donors, and certain types of blood were very hard to come by.

Not all blood is alike. There are several different groups, and if no blood of the specific type you need is available, you cannot be safely given a transfusion, no matter how desperate the need.

That is where the Blood-Bank comes in. The Blood-Bank keeps in cold storage blood of all types, ready for emergency. If you belong to the Blood-Assurance program, you are guaranteed blood of the type you need.

It is like money in the savings bank. You hope that you will not have to draw on it, but it is ready and waiting. One pint of blood is a very small price to pay for peace of mind.

Many of our older residents are no longer permitted to give blood. This means that people from a younger age-group must take over, to replace the faithful donors who have given year after year.

There is nothing to be afraid of. It is a very simple process. You restore your own blood within a matter of a few days, and the Blood-Bank then has on hand a pint of blood which will save a life.

And saving a life is exactly what you will be doing if you donate to the Blood-Bank.

It could be your own life, or that of a member of your family.

Invitation To The Rotary Fair

There'll be a modern version of a good old country fair. With a host of things to please you in a way beyond compare. All the best Back Mountain offers will be there on proud display. At the sunfilled, fulfilled fairgrounds on that crisp October day.

There'll be old friends there to meet you
There'll be brass bands there to greet you
There'll be hustle, there'll be bustle
There'll be fun
You'll be glad you spent your dollars
When you see the fun that 'follers'
You'll be dancin' you'll be prancin'
In the sun.

There'll be fashions for the ladies, a horse show for the men
A baby show, a drill team, some oldtime cars and then
A concert and a ball game, some fire works at night
And many things designed to make a day of real delight.

You'll have fun and you'll have pleasure
You'll have joy in fullest measure
You'll be happy in the snappy
Autumn air
Every road will lead you to it
Ride or walk, but really do it
By the dozen, let's get buzzin'
To the fair.

—W. G. SEAMAN

FOR MODERN PRINTING, TRY THE POST

B. M. C.

WHITE SALE

The Distributor had too many **WHITE SPORTS CARS**

Now - - - we have too many **ALL WHITE CARS - GREATLY REDUCED**

KUNKLE MOTORS

675-1546 Dan Meeker - Prop. Kunkle, Pa.

Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

It Happened 30 Years Ago

Crops suffered from the effect of a freak season of cold, rain, drought and gales.

Shrineview residents joined Dallas Borough in a water complaint to the PUC, charging faulty quality and quantity.

Dallas Township football team were the victors in a game between alumni and high school, score 13-6.

James, Walters, longtime resident of Dallas, died at his home.

Independent candidates stirred interest in the general election, Harold Wagner and Fred Goodrich filing from Dallas Borough and Dallas Township.

Audrey Carle and Kathryn Phillips were appointed to the faculty of Kingston Township Schools.

Hugh Thomas, Kingston, was acquitted of the involuntary manslaughter charge in the death of Rauth Parks, Dallas.

Mrs. Henry Keifer celebrated her 88th birthday anniversary.

It Happened 20 Years Ago

Ralph Eipper was named street commissioner of Dallas Borough.

Joe MacVeigh, chairman of Draft Board # 1, feared dads would have to leave area to work in defense plants elsewhere.

Hugh Morton, survivor of the Aircraft Carrier Hornet, destroyed by fire, paid a visit to his parents, the James Mortons, Harvey's Lake.

Lt. Col. Norman Smith was appointed to head the athletic programs for all air bases in the South Pacific.

William Devons, 70, Sweet Valley, died of a stroke while running the mowing machine on the Henry Trumbower farm.

Carrot and tomato crops topped the record of ten years ago while other produce output dwindled.

State Health Department urged Dallas Borough to hire a part time nurse to teach health.

Scientific fire fighting courses were conducted at Dallas and Harvey's Lake.

Antonia Kozemchak was commissioned a Third Officer in the WAAC.

Mrs. Ruth Ide, Idetown, was severely burned while testing new cans at her home.

Married: Jane Hutchison, Shavertown, to Flight Officer John C. Coleman, West Pittston.

Died: Simon Schneider, 68, Shavertown.

Service men heard from: Harry Decker, Va.; Ernest Carey, Fleet Post Office N.Y.; Richard LeGrande, U.S. Navy; Will Rogers, South Pacific; Eddie Ide, Mo.; Frank Dennis, Sicily; William Sayre, N.Y.; James Agnew, Va.; Carl Dykman, Ky.; Ike Mellner, Ga.; and Stephen Hayer, Ga.

It Happened 10 Years Ago

Charles Wheatson-Lee, prominent Dallas businessman, who died in Nesbitt Hospital, was buried at Arlington Cemetery.

H. H. Butler was named general manager of Commonwealth Telephone Company.

Back Mountain area obtained largest number of new members for YMCA.

A 24 unit motel was being constructed at the jointure of routes 309 and 115 in Dallas.

All areas were represented in the Back Mountain Community Concert held at Westmoreland High School.

Mrs. Carl Siglin, Mrs. Elmer Weaver and Dorcas Wright were painfully injured when their car rolled over near Eatonville while on their way to work.

Joseph Coniglio, Westmoreland High School, received the Ford Award for his hand carved pistol entered in competition.

Mrs. Lena R. Moss, 78 Rests At Muhlenberg

Services for Mrs. Lena R. Moss, 78, Hunlock Creek, who died Friday afternoon at her home, were held Monday afternoon from Bronson Funeral Home, Sweet Valley.

Rev. Herbert Punched, Oakdale Baptist Church, officiated. Interment was in Marvin Cemetery, Muhlenberg.

Born in Plymouth daughter of the late Charles Dodson, Civil War veteran and Julia Davenport Dodson, Mrs. Moss had resided in Hunlock Creek most of her life.

She was stricken ill only a week before her death and had visited in Bloomsburg prior to her illness.

She and her husband, Martin, celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in 1958. Mrs. Moss was an active member of Muhlenberg Methodist Church, its WSCS and Ladies Sunday School Class.

In addition to her husband she is survived by son, Charles, Hunlock Creek and nephews, James Moss, Colorado and Charles Moss, Kingston.

Mrs. Ethel King, 75, Buried At Warden

Mrs. Ethel King, 75, former resident of Dallas, who died unexpectedly last Sunday evening at Lourdes Hospital, Binghamton, which she was expecting to leave Monday morning after making apparent good recovery from a heart attack. She was buried Wednesday afternoon in Warden Cemetery, committal services performed by Rev. Joseph C. McGinnis who had officiated from a Binghamton funeral home at 11 a.m.

Until 1931, Mrs. King lived in Dallas. Her parents were the late James L. and Jennie Moyer Hefft, Carverton.

She was educated in area schools, her eldest son James R. King graduating from Dallas High School in 1928.

In Johnson City, Mrs. King belonged to the Primitive Methodist Church.

She is survived by her husband Raymond A. King; sons, James R. Binghamton, and Kenneth M. Hallstead; daughters: Mrs. V. Howard Gould, Binghamton; and Mrs. Louise Edgald, Windsor, N.Y.; sisters: C. Edna Hefft and Mary Hefft, both of Haddonfield, N.J.; and Mrs. John Dana, Carverton; a brother Lee, Trenton, N.J.; nineteen grandchildren, three great grandchildren. Many Hefft connections survive in the Carverton area.

And the number of us who personally upset a load of hay enroute from the field to the barn is dwindling, also those who upset a cutter into a snow bank, making the driver red-faced, also the girl for a different reason. A sudden ducking

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Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer — D. A. Waters

From the standpoint of space, our part of the world is getting smaller.

Recently our son, Bill, out in Armstrong County, participated in a conservationists tour of that county inspecting damage by strip mining and steps being taken to reforest and replant it. In charge of the tour was Grant Davis, who lives on Midland Drive, Dallas, working out of an office in Kingston. Most surprising among the other federal employees was William McQuillin, who formerly lived at the foot of Franklin Street, now living in Springfield, Mass.

Out there the strip mining is right out in the rural areas. Some of the soil will readily grow alfalfa grading, some has been replanted with trees. There are some open rocky places like we see here. Incidentally, almost every farm there has its own well of natural gas. All you see is a pipe projecting from the ground with valves, and distributing system attached. Real estate developers put a gas line connection in front of each lot.

But when this is considered, some common local things seem far away. Recently we were in a home where even the grandmother had never had a ride on a railroad train, and she was no exception to the experience of many now. A whole generation has grown up without ever riding in a trolley car. Probably a relatively few around here ever saw a blacksmith shoe a horse and do other work on hot iron working with hammers, tongs, and anvil. Blacksmiths were located every few miles in villages, along with country stores, now making up museum items.

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head first into the deep snow was that effect.

Few youngsters today ever see a genuine play by professional actors on a commercial stage, unless they go to New York or some other big city, or happen to hit a summer theatre somewhere. In our younger days we could see one almost any evening by spending fifteen or twenty cents carfare on the street car, each way.

Today the automobile has greatly increased speed, sometimes where there is insufficient space. We have a good example right now as our new road is built. Every few days someone comes out in the paper praising the drivers for observing 35 mile speed limit and the no-passing rule. But such observance is by no means uniform. Almost every trip we see drivers passing at random at fifty miles per hour, maybe more. Knowing there are barricades ahead, you wonder sometimes where the drivers expect to go. However they somehow get away with it. Once I saw a driver establish a wavy high-speed middle lane across North Street Bridge, which is a two lane bridge, speed restriction 15 mph. Somehow he got across.

Opening of school has cut down the immature of all ages making figure eights with bicycles on the highways, and the gangs of teenagers, usually girls, spread out a breast apparently heading for nowhere at a greatly reduced speed. Nothing seems to cut down on the number of hitchhikers waving an arm and standing out a yard or more from the curb.

It is not too annoying to have to come to a full stop to keep from hitting any of these. We have learned to live with such things. It is, however, rubbing it in a little too far when, one and all, they either give you an amused grin, or a fierce look, or make some remark which this column could not print.

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From— Pillar To Post...

By Hix

Next year I'll take my own advice, and admire the autumn foliage in the Back Mountain instead of Massachusetts.

But at the time, it looked like a good idea to take off. The weather was perfect, the hills were beginning to flame, and if Massachusetts could add a little something to the glory of the Pennsylvania hills, it was welcome to try.

No doubt about it, Massachusetts and New Hampshire put on a good show before the tag-end of the Northeast lashed the coast on Sunday and dropped a dripping veil over the scenery. The rain made it easier to leave Chelmsford, which was getting a much-needed soaking, causing the roads to run like rivers, and the Turnpike to resemble a mountain torrent.

Nice day to drive. Nobody on the road, and the rain was calculated to cool down the tires.

How could anybody guess that it would take three days to make that trip, just a hair less than four hundred miles?

Massachusetts has blue laws, and though it is permissible to change a tire for a customer, any service station attendant risks the law when he opens the hood of a car.

There was a mechanic at Sturbridge (recommended surreptitiously by State Police), who had a look, did a few little things such as checking the aperture of the new spark plugs, rendered a bill for \$7.95, took the Austin out for a high speed test on the road, said everything was now Jake.

Back on the Massachusetts Turnpike, things were Jake for ten whole miles and then the engine started missing again. It threatened to quit cold on a hill, and a shot of gas by choke blew things sky-high. The explosion was spectacular, and the car started making like Barney Oldfield.